

Pastoral E L E G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

OF THE

Lady H I L A R E T T A.

I N A

Dialogue between two LORDS.

----- *Perit heu pulcherrima, quondam
Anglia quas habuit, multum praelata Puellis.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MORE, near *Temple-Bar*.

[Price Threepence.]

A

Y E G Y E T E P m f o r a l

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H T A E D

OF THE

A T A R T A L b y

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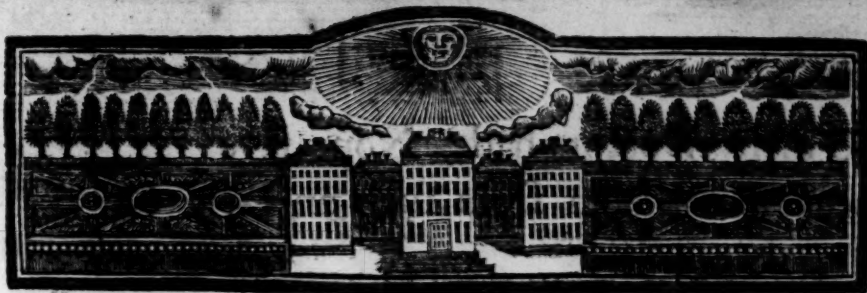
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A

Pastoral E L E G Y

On the DEATH of the

Lady *HILARETTA*.

Lord Toupet. Lord Brilliant.



A Y, my *Toupet*, whence all this Grief appears?

Why do'st thou knit thy Brow, and shake thy
Ears?

Regardless how much Powder thou do'st lose,
Why is thy Coat unbrush'd, unclean'd thy Shoes?
Why dost no more thy Golden Snuff-Box rap,
Hast lost thy Money, or hast got a Cl-p?

(*Toup.*) Neither of these, alas! yet wou'd it were:
I have no Money, and no Cl-p I fear:
These slight Misfortunes I with Ease endure,
Which better Luck, and *Mis--bine* may cure.
But, ah! what Art can *Hilaret* restore?
She's gone, and now shall blest these Eyes no more.

(*Bril.*) Too just I own the Motive of your Grief,
Unhappy *Hilaret*! could no Relief

Be

Be in so many Doctors had? None save
Thy beauteous Bloom from such an early Grave?

(*Toup.*) Not *S---* himself cou'd do't! she dy'd stark mad!
How hard a Fate has so much Beauty had?
Had she been ugly, slight had been her Crime,
Excus'd by all her Sisters of the Time.
'Tis Envy and not Goodness makes them rail;
Balda uncensur'd may turn up her Tail.
What Boy to whom *Susurra* is unknown!
How long shall *Gromia* scandalize the Town!
Yet for one Slip poor *Hilaret* is lost;
One Slip the World has so much Sweetness cost.
So true is what Philosophers alledge,
This safer steals the Horse, than that looks o'er the Hedge.

(*Bril.*) Shou'd Gallantry prove fatal to all Wives;
What modest Ladies must resign their Lives!
So soon if Cuckolds Widowers became,
'Twou'd be a Sound of Joy, and not of Shame:
No Plague wou'd give the Grave more luscious Treats:
Throw out your Dead, would ring through all the Streets.

(*Toup.*) How thin would be an Opera or Play?
How thin, alas! the ———'s Day?
What Company must all our Auctions fill?
What Company make Parties at Quadrille?
From *N—sh* and *H-d-gg-r*, what Tears would fall?
Nor *Bath*, nor *Haymarket* wou'd know a Ball.
What Ladies, ah! my *Briliant*, wou'd resort
To Visits, Park, or any where — but C—.

(*Bril.*) If Infamy should Gallantry attend,
Oh! where would *Drury-Lane's* large Hundreds end?

Or

Or were they all, like *Hilaretta*, mad,
 What Bounds to growing *Bedlam* must be had?
 No, Heaven forbid they all her Fate should share;
 Be less their Punishments, as their Beauties are.
 Let Wh--s to Rogues in Opposition live,
 Great Beauties die that little ones may thrive.

(*Toup.*) Shall then no more my *Hilaret* impart
 Envy or Joy to each Beholder's Heart?
 Oft have I seen when *Cook* has call'd aloud,
 My Lady *Hilly's* Servant, — all the Crowd
 Stand hush'd, Attention fix'd on ev'ry Face,
 While, with a charming unaffected Grace,
 Thro' dying Beaus ~~you~~ ^{she} swam into ~~your~~ ^{her} Place.
 No Matter what was acted on the Stage
 Nor *Cibber*, *Booth*, or *Oldfield* cou'd engage,
 Nor *Harlequin*, skipping Fav'rite of the Age:
 In vain did even *Polly Peachum* sing.
 My *Hilaret* monopoliz'd the Ring:
 Each Beau by Love, each Belle by Envy tost,
 Strove who shou'd praise, and who malign her most.
 But now, O everlasting Shame to Justice!
 For lying down —, she lying in the Dust is.

(*Bril.*) For lying down I've heard her blam'd, but more
 Censur'd, because she did not shut the Door:
 Heav'n teach *Clarinda*, by Experience wise,
 To shut the Door before she opes her Th—s:
 For Saints and Sinners should in this agree;
In private it is best to bend the Knee;
 Thus ostentatious Praise the Saints eschew,
 And thus no Shame the Sinner shall pursue.

(*Toup.*) Who knows how suddenly relentless Fate,
 May set to any other Toast a Date !
 And she who triumphs in my Charmer's Shame,
 Soon may lament her own extinguish'd Fame :
 She who to Night shall in the Boxes shine,
 By Velvet, Jewels, and Brocades made fine,
 May soon be forc'd to change her airy Note,
 And give her Lodgings in to *Leathercoat*.*
 For, oh ! cou'd Beauty have preserv'd the Dame,
 Unspotted had been *Hilaretta's* Name.
 If to be safe to Virtue they must owe,
 Heav'n knows, alas ! what Woman will be so.
 If Beauty which we've seen, no Tears can draw,
 Ah ! how shou'd Virtue which we never saw !

(*Bril.*) Enough of this, *Toupet*. — Now let's away,
 'Tis Time to steal the last Act of the Play ;
 For Woolfleet Oysters thro' the Streets they cry,
 And now, with greater Haste, the Coaches homewards fly :

* A Porter at the *Rose*.

F I N I S.

